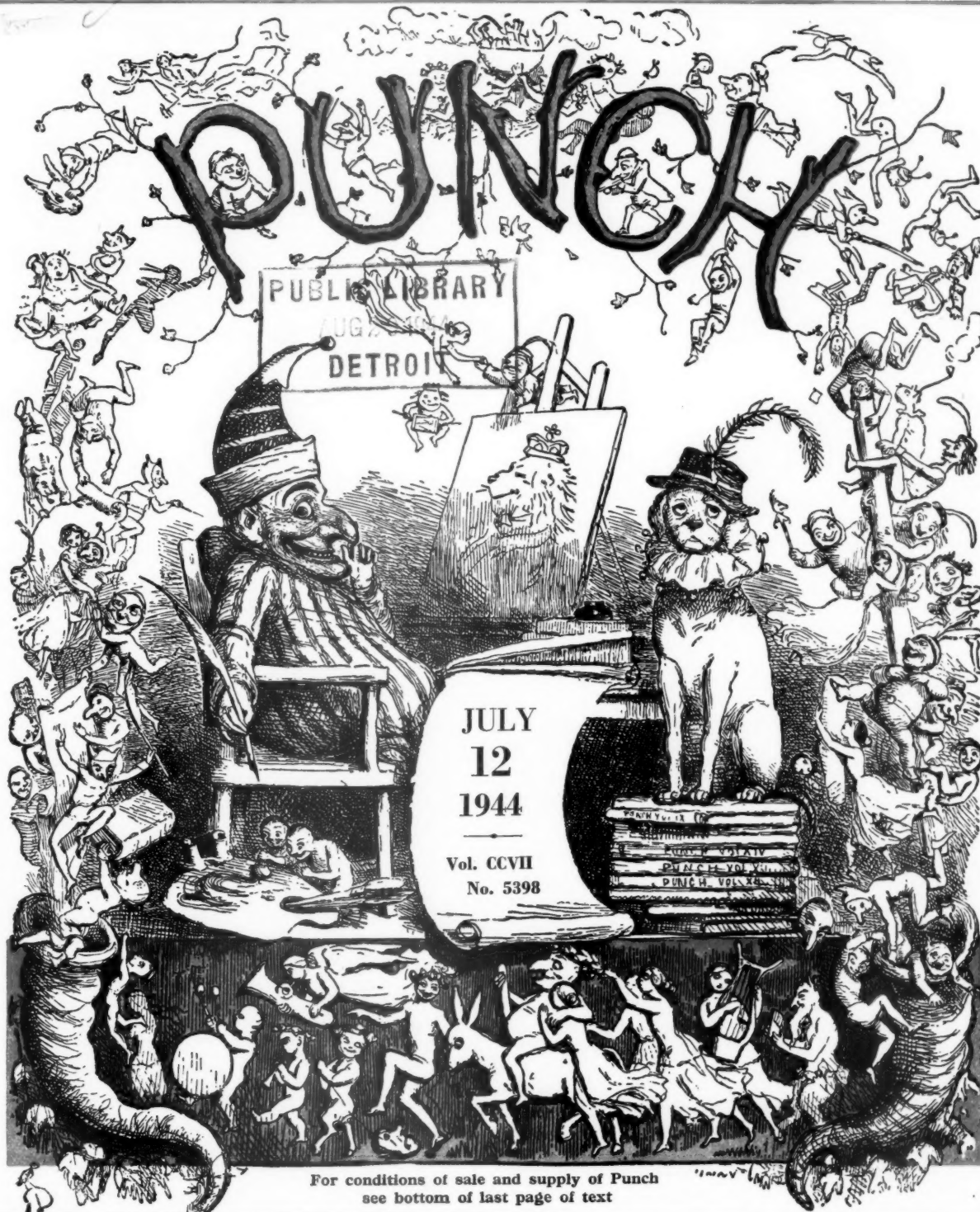


The best that  
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# Huntley & Palmers Biscuits

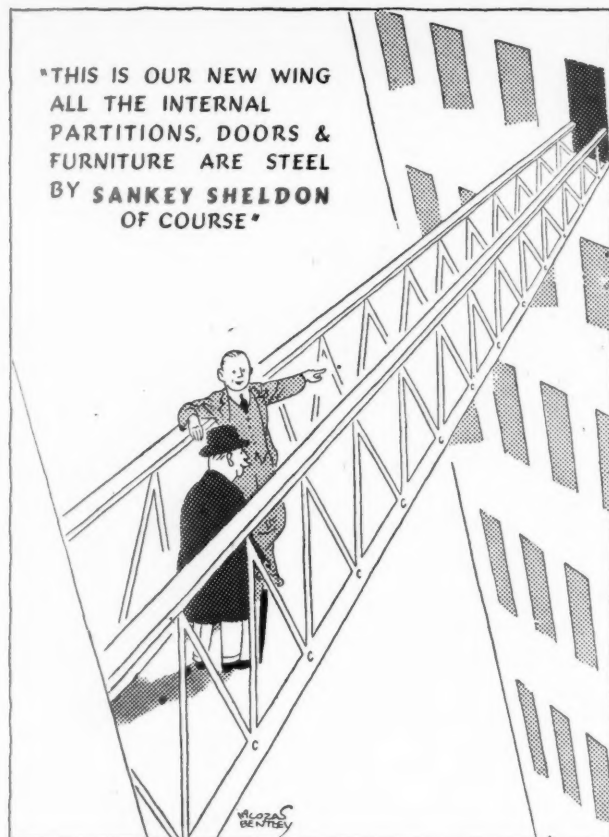


For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text



## Player's Please





## Where's it all going?

Where it will do most good—as the Wehrmacht will continue to find out. *What is it anyway?*

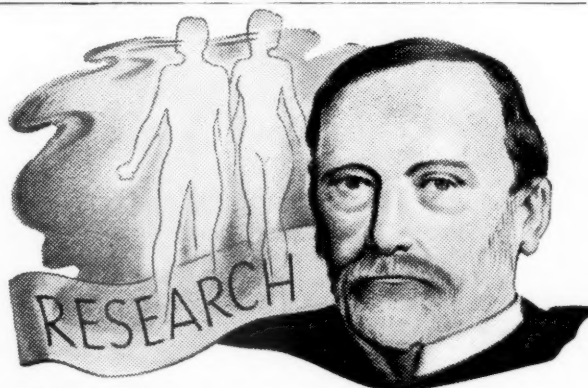
Just a part of Austin's wartime production. Further than that we must not say. For, like most of today's important work, this Austin contribution to Victory must remain secret.

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P. 624 A.



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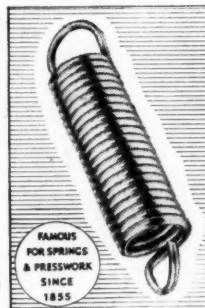
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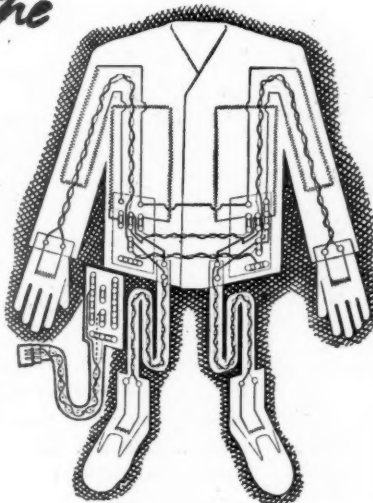
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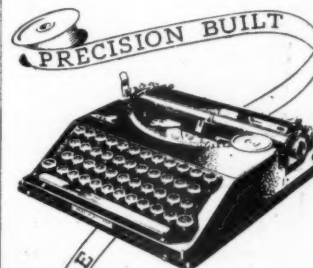
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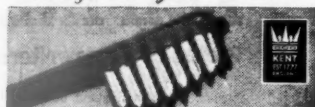


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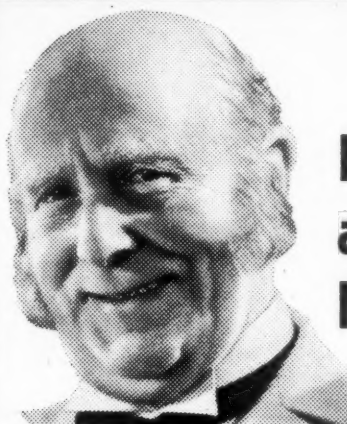
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## Once upon a time...



... we used to go racing. Could any thrill touch that last dash up the straight, when strong men bit cigars to ribbons and resolute women jumped on their lorgnettes? Do you remember? Horses that moved like poetry, with the legs and temperaments of ballerinas. And places. Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood. One day we shall go again to our favourite meetings (in our jet-planes, we fancy), but not before we have had a trial gallop at

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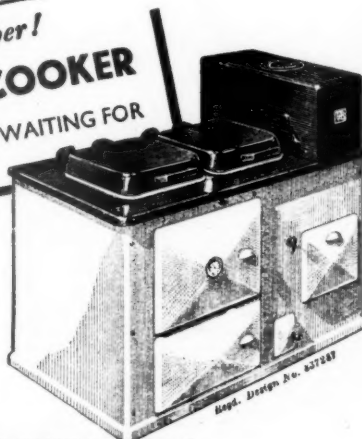
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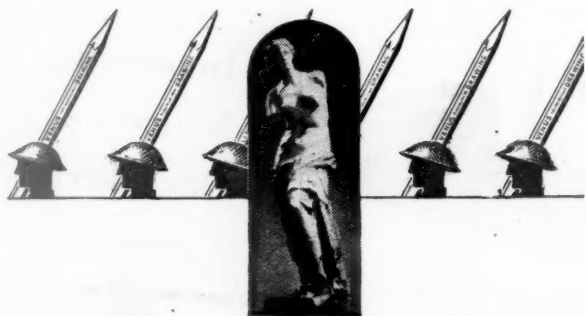
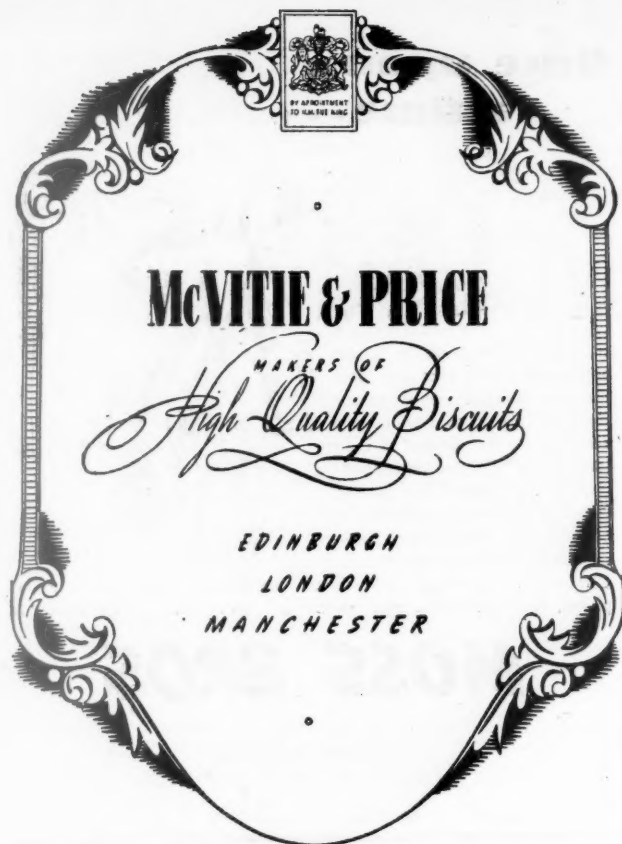


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# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVII No. 5398

July 12 1944

## Charivaria

"I SAW very few bees about last month," says a writer of Nature notes. But why see them about it? They were not responsible for the weather.

At an auction sale there was spirited bidding by collectors for a period arm chair, but it finally went for eighty guineas to a prominent strategist.



Fragments of masonry are reported to have descended on Berlin recently. The Propaganda Ministry is of the opinion that they are almost certainly pieces of London.

"Strawberries Now at Their Best," announces a headline. So we gather!

Comparatively little is being said by the Nazis these days about General Weather. Major Disaster seems to be taking up most of their time.

### Impending Apology

"Although a large number of children partake of free meals at the school canteens, the proportion found to be suffering from marked malnutrition is a modest one."—*Kent paper*.

An American actress told a judge she was unable to live on £10,000 a year. Most of us can say the same.

"What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?" asks a writer. Wouldn't Goering like to know!

A German communiqué announces the sudden death of Nazi General Heinz Helemich. Death is said to be due to natural causes owing to an oversight on the part of the Gestapo.



"Police to Stop Gambling," says an evening paper. We didn't even know they had started.

When a flying bomb exploded, a cricket-match in the neighbourhood continued without interruption except that a batsman who had just lost a bail to a fast ball unsuccessfully contended that it was blast.

"Bridesmaids Drenched by Sudden Shower," says a heading. Wring out, wild belles!

An Essex clergyman says he always yodels when out cycling. Residents have been ransacking the local shops to buy him a bell.



Some people are saying that Basic English could do with even fewer words. Song-writers in particular are said to be wondering what on earth the other four hundred and fifty are for.

Radio experts in Germany are being paid large salaries to interfere with our transmissions. Money for jam?

### Seniores Priores

"A part of the German Foreign Office has moved to the civilian women's concentration camp at Liebenau, about 30 miles south-east of Bremen because of air raids on Central Berlin.

The large building in which the department is now housed was formerly tenanted by juvenile lunatics."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Many portraits of Goering but none of Hitler were found in a recently-captured Nazi stronghold. It is explained in Berlin that the Fuehrer nobly put Goering in front of him when the picture was taken.



## A Misapprehension

I OFTEN think my Uncle Tom  
 Obtained the most excitement from  
 The era of the flying bomb,  
 For being rather short of sight  
 He could not see the things in flight  
 Nor note the place where they alight,  
 And also being somewhat hard  
 Of hearing he was quite debarred  
 From listening to the new petard.  
 He frequently mistook the song  
 Of motor buses going strong  
 For blackbirds or the breakfast gong:  
 And so it was when—all in vain—  
 My aunt attempted to explain  
 The business of the robot plane.  
 "Speak up!" he used to say, "my pet.  
 No, no, I have not heard you yet;  
 The only word I caught was *jet*.  
 I think I saw a paragraph  
 About it in *The Daily Chaff*  
 Which said that they had hurt a calf,  
 And something in *The Morning Chat*  
 About the shell-shock of a bat  
 In Wessex or some place like that.  
 Why are you lying on your face  
 Or tearing round and round the place?"  
 (He shouted in his splendid bass).  
 Which very much annoyed my aunt,  
 Who hears the things my uncle can't  
 And sang in a peculiar chant  
 Or wrote for him in pen and ink  
 "Lunch will be rather late, I think,  
 For cook is underneath the sink,  
 A doodlebug is overhead."  
 "What's that?" he cried. "What's that you said?  
 A burglar underneath the bed?  
 A bugle what? I can't make out.  
 I am not deaf, so do not shout."

And so the days of this old trout  
 Of decent not unkindly bent  
 (When everything goes right) were spent  
 In absolute bewilderment,  
 For people tumbled on the floor  
 Or rushed about from door to door  
 But what on earth they did it for  
 He simply could not ascertain  
 And had to put it down with pain  
 To some disorder of the brain.  
 And none was so surprised as he  
 To learn, when news was made more free,  
 About the Hun's iniquity.  
 But after that, two days ago,  
 A thousand bombers flying low  
 Went overseas to start a show  
 And Uncle Tom by some unique  
 Unparalleled acoustic freak  
 (Which happens to the most antique)  
 Looked up and said "I hear a sound  
 Either above or underground"  
 (His face was red, his eyes were round).  
 "It must be, if it is not bears,  
 One of those pilotless affairs,"

And went and hid below the stairs.

EVOE.

## Birthdays

THE birthday is one of the most deeply rooted of all human institutions. It is also the most human of all deeply rooted institutions. So, whichever way you look at it, it seems a subject worth writing about.

First of all, why do we have birthdays? Sociologists have a ready answer for this. They say we have birthdays because each of us is born on a certain date, and that this date, like any other date, is bound to turn up every year when it is time for it, and that therefore we can hardly expect *not* to have birthdays. They add that if we want any further reason for having a birthday it is so that we can get presents. I think that even the shyest of my readers will agree to this. It does not mean that everyone gets a lot of presents every birthday, or even expects them. What it means is that on its birthday human nature is entitled to brood on the fact that it has either had or not had a present from everyone on its mental books. And this brings us to another question. Why, if we go on not getting presents, do we expect them? The answer to this one comes from psychologists. Mankind, they tell us, spends its first ten years having presents showered on it from left and right, birthday after birthday, until it has grown a conditioned reflex which tells it that birthdays mean presents. From then on Providence lessens mankind's intake of presents, until in another fifteen years it is lucky to get a couple of picture postcards. But the principle remains fixed, and mankind goes on getting what it really wants from its birthday—a chance to think about itself, or, as psychologists put it, a bit more rope for its ego. It is small wonder, after all this, that one of humanity's firmest secret beliefs is the one that the date it was born on exists for no other purpose; so that two people having a birthday on the same day do not think of each other as quite real but as having to put up with the trimmings of life. (We have the same feeling, psychologists say, towards anyone trying to get away with our surname.)

One of the most inevitable facts about birthdays is that each day of the year they come on a different day of the week; thus, anyone having a birthday on Tuesday one year has it on Wednesday the next, unless of course it is Leap Year, which would make it Thursday. This sounds easy enough, and I only mention it to bring in the fact that mankind has never bought a diary without turning up its birthday, finding it is either one or two days different from last year, and feeling thereby mildly and unjustifiably flattered because the diary has remembered it. Statistics prove that one and a half people in every ten put a little cross or ring against their birthday in their diary, and even these people do not know why.

Now I come to the people whose birthdays are actually in progress; I am talking of course of adults, or people who, as I was saying, are lucky to get a couple of postcards. These people begin their birthdays by waking up at one of three times: early, the same as usual, or late. Statisticians cannot find anything to prove anything here, except the interesting fact that whatever time people wake on their birthday they will spend the next minute or so in moralizing on the fact that they woke whenever they did and comparing their state of mind with how they felt once about birthdays. The next thing that happens to them is the post. If they are lucky they will, as I was saying, get a couple of postcards. If not, a bill. Psychologists tell us that most people wring a strange enjoyment from getting bills on their birthdays, and that what they enjoy most is a letter about income tax. They like to be able to

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Fongassee



"... and here and now may I pay  
a very sincere tribute ..."

"UMPH!"



"... to all you ..."

"WHO?"



"... Britishers ..."

"Us?!"



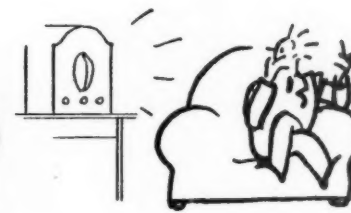
"... for the truly inspiring example  
you've set ..."

"GOOD HEAVENS!"



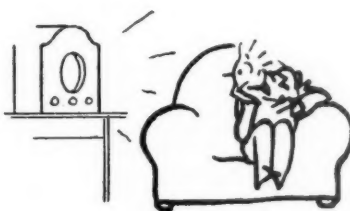
"... to the rest of the world ..."

"GREAT SCOTT!"



"... for your courage, your cheerfulness ..."

"WHAT THE——"



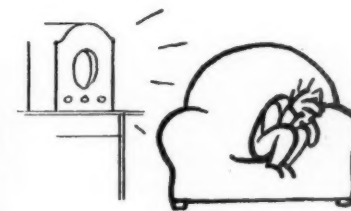
"... your idealism, your steadiness  
of purpose ..."

"HELP!"



"... and for the display to a marked  
degree ..."

"NONSENSE!"



"... of every quality of greatness ..."

"ROT!"



"... with, perhaps, ..."

"EH?!"



"... just one single ..."

"OH?!!"



"... exception."

"AND WHAT MIGHT THAT BE?!!!!"



*"Of course you won't see Dwindling Abbas at its best until the light stuff comes through."*

tell their friends. Average birthdays in average households reach their peak at breakfast-time, when average people are either given a present or two or told they will get a lot later. This does not mean that they will. It is an accepted fact that to promise to buy a present gives the promiser the same glow as having bought it and calls for nearly the same degree of thanks. It contributes almost equally to the emotional atmosphere of a birthday breakfast. It is not surprising that by the time the average household has voted the birthday-holder an extra piece of bacon and the last slice of toast it has got over its part of a birthday and feels it can now forget it, unless of course there are any sweets about. But for the people with birthdays the day has to go on as usual; and this is what they find so difficult. Those first ten years of their life have done it. They see themselves covered with a sort of luminous paint which ought to tell everyone they meet that it is their birthday. It is not that they want everyone to know, it is just that, with this luminous paint, they don't see how they can hide it. This disconcerts them. They find it difficult to adjust themselves to going to a shop, for instance, and paying the full price for what they buy. It is only fair to add that most people forget, for perhaps hours at a time, that it is still their birthday, but every now and then they remember and the luminous paint starts up

again. It is also fair to say that nowadays, when there are no birthday cakes around, the feeling will have worn off by dinner-time. But it is quite a process while it lasts.

Mention of birthday cakes reminds me that I must say a few words on their characteristics, if only to remind my readers that it was not all plain sailing in the old days. One characteristic of a birthday cake was that it was impossible to start cutting it from the middle, which always turned out to be an inch too near the cutter; this called for sudden huge compensating slices which those who had already got their slices used to think unfair. Another characteristic was that even after the birthday had finished the cake belonged morally to the same person, and that other people found it difficult to keep to the right emotional pitch after the swing-back had set in. And I must say something about birthday postcards. They fall into three categories: thatched cottages, red roses and children with buttercups. They are aimed at those people who stand in stationers' shops clacking pennies on the counter till somebody hears. After a minute or two most people are hypnotized into choosing one or two of these cards for anyone whose birthday they can remember. And thus it is that, as I was saying, most people have a moderate chance on their birthday of getting a couple in the post, even if they are both from the same person.



## Lady Addle's Domestic Front

Bengers, Herts, 1944

**M**Y DEAR, DEAR READERS,  
—It has occurred to me that my public might be interested in my reminiscences of the various meals which play so important a part in our daily lives. Breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner—what memories they conjure up for me! Memories almost too intimate to write of, for have I not shared a dried haddock with a Grand Duke? And toasted a muffin for a Cardinal? As for Mipsie, what has happened to her at various meals in the past would fill a book; but a book, I fancy, locked fast, with a golden key placed near its owner's heart.

Breakfast, I always feel, is of paramount importance in English life. It can make or mar a marriage. Sometimes, indeed, destiny hangs on it. I have never read "the Cabinet breakfasted at Downing Street" without wishing that the eggs and bacon could know and the marmalade rejoice in the part they had played for their country. It is not a meal suited to proposals, of course. Yet I imagine many a mind must have been made up over a house-party breakfast. Perhaps a débutante will descend not looking her best, or with too marked a resemblance to her mother, in the cruel daylight. Perhaps a young man's manners will not stand the test of breakfast after a late Hunt ball. And the course of two people's lives is changed. (I always advised Margaret, if offered breakfast in bed by her hostess, before the war, to accept.)

My dear mother, who possessed such wonderful wisdom and insight into character, used to say that no two people were exactly the same. Some, myself included, are at their brightest and best in the morning, and thoroughly enjoy making breakfast a social function. Others, my dear husband amongst them, are sadly different. "Don't be too optimistic this morning, Blanche," he sometimes used to say. "I couldn't bear it." For a time I felt this something of a barrier between us, but it was soon bridged by the loving understanding that marriage brings, and I have learnt to sail gaily over Addle's little moods, cheering him up by reading my letters out to him when he is gloomily absorbed in the daily papers.

Another strange case of breakfast being the only fly in a happy marriage is that of our old friend, Lord Gerald Gore-Blymigh, of whom I have written before. "Gugglie" shared my high spirits in the morning, and used to

keep us all in fits of laughter by his witty remarks and ways. "Cheep, cheep," he would always say when his daily boiled egg was put before him. Then he would bend down and pretend to hear the chicken inside, while we all, his wife included, doubled up with mirth. Then suddenly—after sixteen years' married bliss—there came a morning when he said "Cheep, cheep," and instead of laughing she threw her own egg (poached) in his face. No one knew why—whether it was a sudden brain-storm—but it ruined their life together. Gugglie had just lost his seat at that time, and of course a politician's wife should have realized how particularly sensitive—I suppose they would call it allergic nowadays—an ex-M.P. is to any form of eggs in the face.

Talking of breakfast habits reminds me of a distant cousin of Addle's, Sir Henry Hirsute, who insisted on a pair of kippers every morning of his life. As he lived at Cannes this sometimes presented no little difficulty, and his devoted chef used to spend long hours salting and colouring soles and inserting kipper bones in them. One day, it struck the butler, who always had to remove the bones before Sir Henry started eating, that the chef's labour was unnecessary. All that was needed was a plateful of bones on the side table in case their master happened to look there. This deception continued for years, until suddenly it occurred to Sir Henry that soles did not taste like kippers. Somehow the whole story came out; he dismissed both servants instantly, but in later years appeared to repent of his action, for in his will he left both men a beautiful kipper bone in a glass case, with a gold plate affixed to the spine commemorating his employees' devotion.

When I think of breakfast I instinctively turn back over the years to the wonderful meals before the last war, when the footmen groaned beneath the weight of many and varied dishes. Porridge, fish-cakes, eggs in several ways, kidneys, sausages, as well as sometimes two enormous hams on the side table. Addle says I am always reminding him of the past, but when I think of those old days I find it hard to come down to a weekly egg (if we hadn't our own fowls to keep us plentifully supplied) and imported jam in a tin. Yet at the same time I realize how thankful we should be to our brave merchant seamen and our loyal poultry who make these things possible at all.

There are ways too of varying the breakfast menu, when supplies are short, to avoid the monotony which brings such longing for past glories. I will end with a few wrinkles of my own invention—not the only kind of wrinkles that I possess, I assure you! I have ways of dealing with *them* too—but more of that anon.

*Fishless fish-cakes.* Get a friend to send you some seaweed, which you put in water with cooked potatoes overnight. Make these up into rissoles in the morning, omitting all but a few particles of seaweed, and they will taste very fishy indeed.

*Marmalade without oranges or sugar.* Cut in strips the green outside coverings of horse chestnuts and boil till tender. Mix with orange-flavoured cordial and bottle. If too sour, suck a saccharine tablet immediately before use.

*To make cereals go further.* If you are registered for chickens steal a little balancer meal from your ration and mix it with rolled oats or puffed wheat. If the hens fall off in laying give them one good meal of your cereals to make up. Exchange is no robbery.

M. D.

## London

**O**H, down here in the country  
The war is none too bad;  
We've sowed the seed  
And raised the crops,  
We've hoed the beet  
And picked the hops . . .  
But I went up to London  
And my heart was very sad.

Oh, down here in the country  
We've harrowed and we've ploughed  
From early light  
To darkness fall  
Without much time  
To think at all . . .  
But I've been up to LONDON,  
And my heart is very proud.

## Nil Desperandum

"Two pretty kittens, 5/- and 3/6 each. No children.—36, Dawlish-road, Teignmouth."  
Advt. in "Exeter Express & Echo."

## Vandalism

"Italian Painting (large); bust with dagger."—Advt. in "The Times."

## Bronthësaurus or Sard Harker Built the Scenery

THE Major had said that he saw no reason why, just because we weren't in it yet, we shouldn't celebrate a bit for the chaps who were. I agreed. I hadn't anything to do either.

We had been alone with the mess waiter for some time before the Major waxed knowledgeable about the theatre.

"I see they're reviving *The Last Mrs. Tanqueray*," he said, calling the waiter over—"why don't they do some new plays?"

"Don't you mean *The First Mrs. Cheyney*, sir?" I said.

"No, no. You remember Mrs. Patrick Campbell?"

"Oh, rather, sir."

"Well, she did it."

"Did what?"

"The first Mrs. Campbell, of course," said the Major, shaking his head and sighing. "And now I see somebody's starting a similar sort of thing about Sousa and Mrs. Henry Wood."

"Indeed?"

"You know about Bacon writing Shakespeare, naturally? There's a society, you know. Actually a society, I mean, trying to make out that Shakespeare wrote Bacon—"

"Er—don't you mean—?"

"And now I see somebody's trying to make out that Mrs. Henry Wood wrote all the Sousa marches. The thing's absurd on the face of it. Why? I'll tell you why, Braithwaite. Mrs. Henry Wood—"

"She was English, and Sousa was—?"

"Exactly. The Americans argue, just in my opinion, that Mrs. Henry Wood would—Wood would never have written a march called 'The Stars and Stripes,' for instance; but the pro-Mrs. Henry Wood-ers take the view—"

"It's ridiculous, sir," I said. "Might as well say that Sousa wrote *John Halifax, Gentleman*."

I called the waiter over.

The Major suddenly looked very angry. "Don't talk rubbish, Braithwaite," he said.

"I don't think it's rubbish, sir," I said, stung—"after all, if somebody claims that Sousa's work was really done by Mrs. Henry Wood—"

"While her husband was away at a Prom, I suppose?" sneered the Major.

"—then I don't see why somebody else shouldn't claim that Mrs. Henry Wood's work was done by Sousa. Not really, sir."

"Not really! I should think not, not really! *John Halifax, Gentleman*, I happen to have it on unimpeachable authority, was written by Mrs. Craik, who, to the best of my belief, never wrote any music for brass bands at all."

"Are you sure of that, sir?" I challenged.

"Not a note."

"No, sir. I mean, are you sure that Mrs. Craik wrote the book about the Quakers?"

"Mrs. Quake was a Craker," said the Major, with an air of absolute finality; he added, leaning forward to tap me on the knee, that that was no excuse for the stream of revivals at present being loosed upon the West End. "There must be no end of masterpieces mouldering in the pigeon-holes of every literary agency in Wardour Street," he said.

"Wardour Street, sir?"

"She endowed part of a hospital," said the Major, impatient at my ignorance—"and they called it the Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Even a child knows that!"

"That's interesting, sir," I said. "I had no idea that she was a hospital. As a matter of fact, I'm not at all sure that she didn't write *Mrs. Craik*."

"Certainly not," said the Major. "That was *George Eliot*, a novel by a young unknown girl. It set London by the storm."

He called the waiter over.

"I can't agree," I said, dropping my mask of deference. "*George Eliot* was written by one of the outstanding novelists of the last century, a Yorkshirewoman named Jane Eyre. The book took London by the heels, and before long the authoress, with her sister Charlotte, were *personæ gratae*—"

"They were what?"

"Latin—meaning 'well in with.' They were well in with the Mesdames Fraser and Cheyney—"

"She was in *The Hunchback of Mare Nostrum*—Lon Cheyney was," said the Major.

"—and Tanqueray and Campbell and John Stuart Mill-on-the-Floss, and her literary reputation rose to positively wuthering heights. And when her father, who was a vicar, threatened to have her unfrocked—"

"*Sh!*" said the Major, looking round—"not in the mess, Braithwaite."

"I'm sorry, sir."

I called the waiter over.

The Major half-raised the cup-shaped ash-tray to his lips, then put it

down again. "Now there," he said, "you have a work of true literary beauty."

"Where?"

"*The Essays of Eliot*." The Major closed his eyes. "'Dream Children,'" he murmured—"Mrs. Somebody plays plays bridge, or something'—"

"And the lovely one about Roast Lamb," I said—"And *Tales from Bacon*—"

"It set all London by the trotters," agreed the Major.

"It was a smash-hit."

"It certainly was, Braithwaite. Now I'd have no objection if they revived *that*. And yet all we get in the mess is those everlasting rissoles, that taste like—like—"

"Dressing-gown cords?"

"Exactly."

We both sighed.

I called the waiter over, but he had gone. He had put out the lights. The long summer evening was slowly dying over the officers' tennis courts. The Major rose and looked out of the window, steadying himself against a potted palm.

"What I really like," he said, after a long silence, "is a jolly, frolicking, rollicking pantomime; one of the good old good ones, like *Dick and the Beanstalk* . . ."

"Or *Ali Baba and his Wonderful Lamps* . . ."

"Yes," said the Major—"or *Cat Whittington and the Forty Riding-boots* . . ."

"Or," I said—"The Widow Tanqueray . . ."

"Ah-h-h . . ."

The Major sighed again, and a last gleam of daylight glinted on a moistness in his eye as he turned away. As we passed the wireless-set I switched off the news in Norwegian. There was no sense in leaving it on now that we were going. J. B. B.

o o

"EXCHANGE lovely cross fox fur for Singer drophead sewing machine."

Advt. in Northern newspaper.

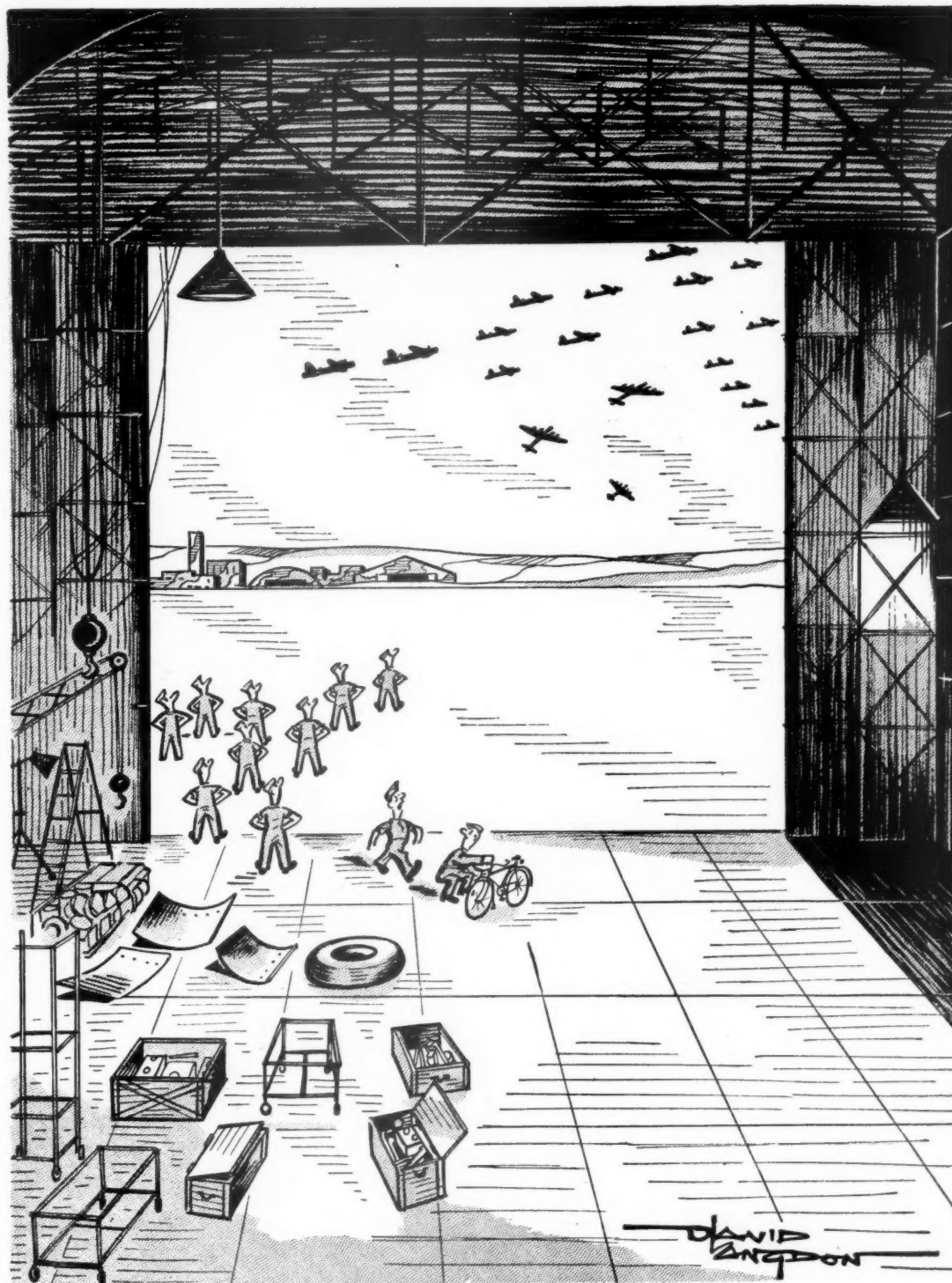
Been getting married?

o o

"After many years of wrestling, the City Council had last week adopted a plan for the reconstruction of the city centre."

Report in local paper.

No more rough houses?



*"Right! Now we've got that little lot off, what's the trouble with your bike?"*



## Incident in Normandy

JAMES put the map on one side. "Whatever else gets in the way I hope it won't be the *Cheval Blanc*," he said.

"Where?"

"In a village to the west of Caen. I found it on a walking tour just before the war."

"On a what, James?" I asked.

"Well, I had a rucksack with the timetable of the buses in it. One day I fetched up for lunch in this village—the name's gone—and went in to the little pub on the square. It was white and clean and I was given an ambassador's welcome. Three other tables were occupied. There was an old lady on one side and a grey-haired officer on the other, and with his back to the window was one of those circular men who acquire blood-pressure being mayor of somewhere. All were engaged in serious eating.

"Madame's paté of the duck is of a distinguished quality," remarked the officer.

"I have never known more delicious," the stout gentleman assured him, taking a large forkful to prove it.

"Yet I understand it is for her treatment of fish that she is mainly renowned," said the old lady.

"Is it not curious in one who gives so much pleasure that the face should be filled with such a great melancholy?" asked the officer, pouring himself a glass of white wine.

"Do you others also smell something?" the old lady demanded suddenly.

"Such an event is inconceivable," said the officer, sniffing.

"And more especially as it would appear to be fish," added the Mayor. Doubt soon changed to certainty, however, as the heavy smell of burning fat began to flood in from the kitchen next door. Pale with catastrophe, a little maid came to present Madame's apologies. The next course would be a little delayed. We all assured her it was nothing, nothing at all. But the atmosphere was tense and we were all as embarrassed as if, say, the Lunts had appeared on a trapeze. A little later, when Madame herself brought in fillets of sole couched in a miraculous sauce, there were tears in her eyes.

"The disgrace is overwhelming," she murmured brokenly.

"Console yourself, madame," begged the officer. "Such a flavour more than makes amends. It is pure poetry."

"That is kind of you," she replied, "but this is not a single accident.

Yesterday I turned a lobster *armorica* into a mess of burnt rubber. I ask you, madame, how can one throw oneself into the fury of concentration required by any of the classic exercises of the kitchen when the heart is heavy with *dolour*?"

"How, indeed?" said the old lady, gently. "May one ask—?"

"It is my husband."

"Ah!" That syllable, into which the French fling so rich a blend of sympathy and worldly comprehension, rolled round the little restaurant as if impelled by a cathedral organ.

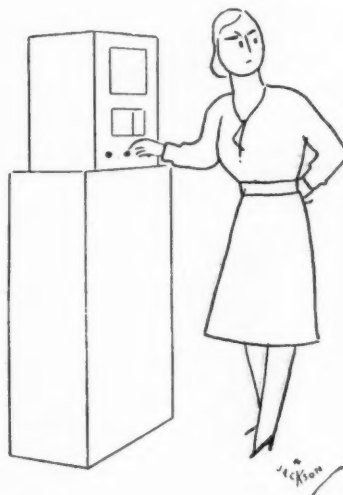
"It is not as you think, however. But it is perhaps worse for that."

"Not worse, madame?"

"He has become the victim of a terrible delusion. He believes the source of all evil to be wine." The poor woman broke down.

"In a *restaurant* that is certainly an inconvenient tenet," agreed the Mayor, filling up his glass. "In what manner did this calamity arrive?"

"It was a very tall man in the train from Chartres. I take him to have been some sort of maniac. He had the eloquence that springs from madness and he was equipped also with brightly coloured pictures of the interiors of wine-drinkers that much discouraged my husband. He is an impressionable man."



"I do wish you hadn't repaired the wireless, John—it won't work at all now!"

"He is without doubt a moderate drinker?" asked the old lady.

"No more moderate could be found, Madame."

"It was indeed a cruel mischance that he should encounter this monstrosity in the train," said the officer. "Have you reminded him of Pasteur's dictum that a day without wine is a day without sunshine?"

"Without effect, Monsieur. It is not only a question of his health or of his friends. There is the *Cheval*. He is the fourth generation here, and if this tomfoolery continues he will be the last. Yesterday he served *citron pressé* at a wedding banquet and would serve nothing else. Figure it for yourselves!"

"It is difficult to do so," muttered the Mayor, angrily.

"Have you thought of taking him for a holiday to Bordeaux or to Beaune, towns where the vine is very dominant?"

"Forgive me. Your next course," sobbed our hostess as she ran from the room. She left a sad silence behind her, into which walked a small, very cheerful man who sat down at a table. He was not in the least drunk, but it was evident even to my untutored eye that he had been drinking.

"Have you heard about the landlord here?" he asked.

"A lamentable history," the officer conceded.

"Have you ever seen a coloured chart of the intestines of a drinker of lemonade?"

"Desist, Monsieur!" cried the Mayor, shuddering.

"Have you ever pushed two metres of misery into a river?" And at that the little man began to laugh. He laughed and laughed and laughed, and it was good to hear him.

"Have you ever tasted the Calvados of '72?" he demanded when he could get his breath.

"The '88 only," said the officer.

"In my case the '80, but never the '72," admitted the Mayor.

"Then you shall drink it now, for it is not every day that a man of that stamp is pushed into the deepest part of the Orne." And he clapped his hands.

"When Madame came in she took one look at him and then she dropped a dish of kidneys the better to fling her arms round his neck. And, well, that was that. So naturally I hope the *Cheval* doesn't get pranged," said James.

ERIC.

## H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

THE next Fragment was all due to a mistake by the Income Tax, who came to the erroneous conclusion that I was two people called Harmony and Jenkins. Harmony, they thought, was a pathetic if reprehensible character who had no income but a number of difficulties such as wives, children, housekeepers, etc., which entitled him to consideration; while Jenkins, a rapacious celibate, made large sums of money which were taxed to the hilt. I sent them a photograph of myself as evidence of unity, but did not notice that on the back I had scribbled down some instructions for making a canvas boat, which a friendly stranger had dictated to me in the Underground. The office turned the measurements into L.S.D. and charged heavily on them, but allowed the name of the boat, *Sea Anemone*, as a deduction, under the impression that it was the name of a new child. On this I called to see them, and in response to questions claimed to be a dramatist, keeping science in the background as sounding a more remunerative occupation. They disbelieved me, and to convince them I wrote the following Fragment on the spot.

### THE WILD GEESE FLY BY EAR.

*(The scene is an early meeting of the Royal Society.)*

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. Can anyone tell me a good way of preventing rats behind wainscoats?

J. EVELYN. Cats.

R. BOYLE. Sulphur candles renewed four-hourly.

S. PEPYS. Have transparent wainscoats: rats cannot bear the human eye.

THE MERRY MONARCH. Would you like me to show you some of my home-made fireworks, ha, ha?

OMNES. We don't mind if you do.

THE MERRY MONARCH. Here is one I call "Pop Goes the Weasel." *(Lights it.)*

FIREWORK. Pop!

OMNES. Jolly good show.

SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY. Can any of you think of some good way of advertising oranges? Something classy and scientific, if you take my meaning.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON. Well, oranges are oblate spheroids, and one could use them to work out some interesting problems in solid geometry.

J. EVELYN. We could say that oranges were a specific against witchcraft. We might even prove it.

R. BOYLE. We certainly ought to have some witches for experimental purposes. The laboratory is terribly understocked.

S. PEPYS. Couldn't our chemists here discover some way of making orange-juice intoxicating?

*Enter JOHN DRYDEN, wittily*

THE MERRY MONARCH. Here's the funny man, ha, ha. Do tell us some of your best bits from your new comedy.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON. But I was just going to read a paper on the Calculus; that is the reason for this meeting.

R. BOYLE. No, it isn't. The Fellows have assembled to see my new experiment on compressing gases.

SIR WILLIAM PETTY. Nonsense. I am leading a discussion group on population problems.

THE MERRY MONARCH. Stap me...

SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY. Be careful, Charles.

*Enter the LABORATORY ASSISTANT, holding a fuming retort*

LABORATORY ASSISTANT. Somebody left this on. My aunt who is visiting me thinks it looks cooked. She has put a pinch of salt in it and wants to know how you want it served. Toast?

R. BOYLE. Put it back over the lamp! It's my prize experiment. I was getting it ready for the conversazione. One of my rivals has bribed you, that's what it is.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON. And who, pray, would consider that necessary?

THE MERRY MONARCH. Gently now, just wait while I pour oil on the troubled waters.

J. EVELYN. What kind of oil do you use, and why? Will it work with boiling water?

THE MERRY MONARCH. I was speaking metaphorically.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON. A very dangerous habit in a scientist.

THE MERRY MONARCH. I think it's time that Mr. Dryden entertained us. He has had an opportunity of thinking up something really amusing.

JOHN DRYDEN. I assure you, gentlemen, at the moment I am interested in nothing but the Laws of Prosody, and I have come to-day to communicate my invention of the Heroic Couplet, e.g.:

Ti-tum Ti-tum Ti-tum Ti-tum Ti-tay

Ti-tum Ti-tum Ti-tum Ti-tum To-day.

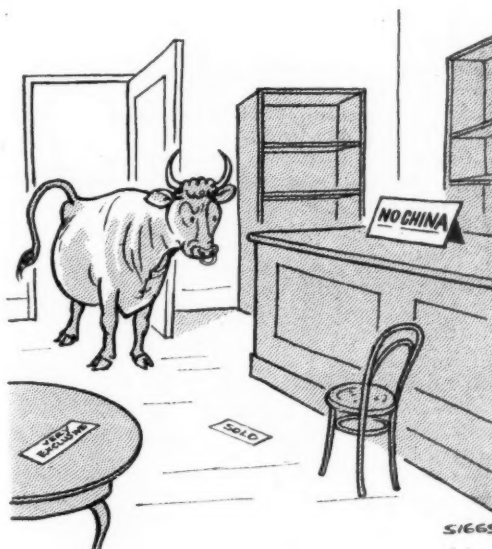
J. EVELYN. It sounds very decadent to me.

PRINCE RUPERT. It's not poetry; it hasn't got a story.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. By the way, there's another point on which you might be able to help me. What is a good way of stopping woodpeckers attacking floors?

[THE MERRY MONARCH lights a home-made smoke bomb and the meeting adjourns.]

FINIS



The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"I 'ear the evacuees 'oo took over the 'All 'ave just took in refugees."

### I. M. Doris : I. M. Jane

(Their former mistress speaks.)

ONE of the things this war's done for us  
Is setting us free (I hope) from Doris;  
And one of the blessings we shan't regain  
With the coming of peace (I trust) is Jane.

Doris was housemaid, Jane was cook;  
And oh! the endless trouble I took  
And how I'd wheedle and coax and pray  
To the end that Doris and Jane might stay;

And how I'd strive that their days be spent  
At least in a measure of such content  
That the meals were served and the house kept  
clean  
With neither notice nor sulks nor scene.

It wasn't easy, for Doris's temper  
Was *varium et mutabile semper*,  
And nobody's cooking could be so plain,  
When she "didn't feel like it" as that of Jane.

The thought *did* come, "Are they really worth  
The worry they give?"—but it died at birth;  
One "had to have them," 'twas *comme il faut*;  
But I sometimes doubted. And now I know.

Doris is Naafi-ing, Jane's an At;  
Honour and credit to both for that;  
They went (and of course there was no replacing 'em)  
And there were the chores—and me facing 'em.

I didn't like it, I damned the war,  
But—husbands have to be catered for;  
And I quickly saw, when I'd ceased repining,  
That the cloud had a notably silver lining.

I break my body but save my soul;  
I don't consult and I don't cajole,  
And the boggy question is finally slain,  
"Will this mean notice from Doris (or Jane)?"

I am the slavey, I am the drudge  
But—I never scamp and I never grudge;  
I rule unchallenged within my gates  
And I own my house from cellar to slates.

And when peace comes fluttering down the sky  
And we "have to have them" again—or try,  
Shall I go back to my old distresses  
Or stick as I am? You can have two guesses . . .  
And also Doris and Jane's addresses. H. B.





THE SECOND ROUND

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Tuesday, July 4th.**—House of Commons: Hats Off for Mr. Speaker!

**Wednesday, July 5th.**—House of Commons: Waiting.

**Thursday, July 6th.**—House of Commons: Of Doodle-Bugs and Things.

**Tuesday, July 4th.**—Your scribe doffs his hat, bows low and reverently before Mr. Speaker DOUGLAS CLIFTON BROWN of the House of Commons! He has achieved the hitherto impossible. Even if the miracle comes unstuck in a week or two—even if it came unstuck on the spot—it will still have been achieved and Mr. Speaker's name will be even more gilded in the annals of fame than it would otherwise have been.

What deed of wonderment did he perform? With bated typewriter your scribe records that, with a single, gentle, well-aimed "wisecrack," he shook honourable Members in the habits of generations, induced them to perform that most difficult and painful of all operations—the cutting of their own verbosity.

When it came to the point it was all so astonishingly simple. All Mr. Speaker did was to get up and say, casual-like, that what he wanted to see was "Shorter questions, shorter replies, and shorter supplementary questions and answers."

Nobody seemed to take much notice. But—lo and behold!—when the next Question-paper appeared questions were down to a line or two each. Members wore an air of conscious virtue (not to say a conscious air of virtue) and they asked their questions with a snap. Mr. Speaker smiled appreciatively.

But then wonder piled on wonder. Ministers do not as a rule join in these Parliamentary parlour games, but, one after another, they got up and replied to the brief questions with brief—frequently monosyllabic—answers. Mr. HUGH DALTON, President of the Board of Trade, rattled off half a dozen "Noes" before anybody could get enough breath to stop him.

The House looked rather like one of those old marionette shows, with Members leaping up and sitting down with rhythmic regularity.

Sir GILBERT CAMPION, Clerk of the House, who is normally unmoved by any Parliamentary phenomenon, sat at the Table with his eyes swinging from left to right, right to left, with the eager movement one associates with the Centre Court at Wimbledon.

No one would have shown noticeable surprise had Mr. Speaker cried "Set, game, match!" or if Mr. "ERIC" METCALFE or Major EDWARD FELLOWES, the other two Clerks at the Table, had taken the rôle of ball-boys and dived headlong beneath the Benches.

Of course it did not last long. Mr. CREECH-JONES, who takes a close (and oh! so detailed) interest in our Colonial Empire, weighed in with a query ten lines long, and received a reply of corresponding loquacity.

But it was nice while it lasted. And Mr. DALTON is unlikely to be

HIC PORTANTVR EPISTOLÆ  
AD MILITES BRITANNICOS



### THE BAYEUX MAIL

"Mails are being distributed to our troops in Normandy as quickly as operational conditions and the weather in the Channel will allow."—*The Secretary of State for War.*

challenged soon in his record of three replies to three separate questions in three words: "No!" "No!" "Both!"

And then the House settled down to a nice cosy chat on the work of the Department of Agriculture for Scotland and Public Education in Scotland.

Mr. Speaker sighed a little wistfully as the hours passed and the speeches flowed. Perhaps he will try soon to get shorter speeches. And perhaps he will.

**Wednesday, July 5th.**—To-day, from the point of view of news and outside interest, resembled the week-end of Sally (of Alley fame) and her beau. That is to say, it was the day that lay between Tuesday and Thursday—and very little else. Thursday, of course, being the day of the whole week for which all Members—not to say Ambassadors, Peers, Distinguished Visitors and every member of the

public in every country in the world—were waiting. Mr. CHURCHILL, who had been billed to make the statement, did not appear to-day. Nor, for that matter, did any great number of other Members.

Before the House of Commons got up, Sir RICHARD ACLAND made a demand that "newspaper proprietors" (by which he meant Lord Beaverbrook) should not be allowed to be Cabinet Ministers. His argument was that a man who owned a newspaper could say things so much more loudly—and so many more times—than others less gifted, and that he therefore had an "unearned increment" of influence.

Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY crisply told Sir RICHARD that his attack was inspired by rage against the *Daily Express*; and the Attorney-General, Sir DONALD SOMERVILLE, ruled that there was nothing to prevent a newspaper proprietor from being a Cabinet Minister—especially if, as in the case of Lord B., he was the best man for the job.

**Thursday, July 6th.**—Mr. CHURCHILL had an audience seldom exceeded even by him. M.P.s sat on all the seats available, clung to odd pieces of wall, even sat on each other's laps. Not until a few moments before he was due on the stage did Brigadier HARVIE-WATT—adding the rôle of call-boy to his many others—call on the star, who was given a soft cheer by the Conservatives.

It was a grim tale he had to tell—and yet one that sent a thrill of pride through his hearers. For weeks most of those present had shared the secret of death and destruction which Hitler's flying bombs had brought to London, had known that the euphemistic term "Southern England," used to befog the enemy, really meant London and its environs. And the secret had been kept.

It was for the Prime Minister to lift the veil.

Since the flying bombs had begun to fly, said he, about 150 had been sent over each twenty-four hours, by day and by night.

The total fired was 2,754 up to that morning and they had caused 2,752 deaths. The House sighed with mingled regret at this sorry toll and relief that the current exaggerated rumours were so far astray.

In addition to the killed, about 8,000 were detained in hospital with injuries. There had been great material damage too. Moral damage, Nil.

Quietly Mr. CHURCHILL paid tribute to the work of the Civil Defence workers—including hospital staffs—and to our friends of the United



"No, I require no models to-day. I am designing a pilotless flying machine."

States forces, whose ready help had made yet a new tie between the two nations.

What he called the "unseen battle" would go on, and quite likely mount in ferocity and destructiveness until the time when the Allies freed the land from which the indiscriminate terror weapons were fired—land which had already had the chastening benefit of some 50,000 tons of Allied bombs.

Meanwhile, those who need not stay in London would help the war effort if they went to safer places. But Parliament would sit on, where it was. And all who had to see the war through would do so, until victory put an end to it and brought retribution to the aggressors.

There it was. The secret was out, and Members went off excitedly discussing the development.

Mr. CHURCHILL hurried away to a meeting of Ministers whose labours will doubtless provide a salutary corrective to any undue optimism the use of the flying bombs may have generated in the warped minds of Adolf Hitler and Company—strictly Limited.

## How to Keep Cool

(From our Medical Correspondent)

**I**F the Germans have been following the seasons at all closely they will know that it is just about summertime in England. That is something we cannot hide easily. In an article like this there is a real danger that hints intended for domestic use only may be borrowed by an unscrupulous enemy and used to his advantage. Wherever possible, therefore, I have modelled my maxims so that they would lose heavily in translation.

Opinions are divided on the merits of collars in hot weather. A tight collar undoubtedly restricts the flow of blood. If a great deal of blood happens to be south of the neck when the collar tourniquet is applied the head will remain pleasantly cool. If on the other hand there is a preference for a cool body the front stud should not be allowed to do its work until the limbs and trunk have been drained northwards.

Cold baths are very cooling. If

you can keep the bath water down to less than the regulation (five inches) so much the better for all concerned. Don't waste water that happens to be lukewarm.

The most cooling drink is hot tea. The fact that hot tea is very warming in winter does not necessarily invalidate this statement. Tea will do anything the English ask of it.

Heavy heat-promoting foods such as rations should be avoided.

Iced drinks are tempting but may be harmful if taken liberally on an overheated stomach. A useful figure to keep in mind is 102 degrees Fahrenheit. Normally the stomach should be tested with the elbow—not the hand. As a rough-and-ready guide, however, we may say that a stomach is definitely overheated if it is too hot to hold.

Don't take unnecessary exercise. Even if they happen to be open you will have to struggle to get near the bar.

Above all, keep calm and collected and throw your mind back to the days just before the ban on central heating was lifted temporarily. That should help you enormously.





*"You've no IDEA of the trouble I have in getting food for my canaries."*

### Most Unfair

THE universal esteem in which Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwock" is held should be enough to prove my point. It is much more difficult to write common nonsense than to write uncommon sense. My old English master, Gilbert Fulmer, used to say: "Boys, I would rather have written the one line 'All mimsy were the borogoves' than all the cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*." Not of course that he *had* written those cantos—he never got a detention in his life. Still, he was right.

I remember very vividly my feeble efforts to create fictitious addresses in order to deceive (a) a policeman, (b) a "forward" hussy. On the first occasion I managed to do no better than: "Silas Wotherspoon, 184 Wintringham Walk, Wallop," and received

a clip on the ear as a reward. On the second occasion my effort sounded more reasonable—"Oaklands," 92 Heathcote Road, Mildew, Bucks"—but my Aunt Madge opened all letters addressed there and reported back to my father. If these examples seem far-fetched, try spontaneous fiction yourself. Better still, try to sing in the style of the American "scat" singer of the post-Vo-do-de-o period. The result will prove, better than my words, that the creator of nonsense is a rare bird.

There is a streak of madness in all of us. We are bound, if we talk or write long enough, to make some slight contribution to the world's humour. We may achieve a Spoonerism or a Malapropism worthy of note. But nonsense is another matter.

Is this nonsense?—

Not only the national dead-weight  
Debt in the narrow sense  
But other public indebtedness which  
involves  
Directly or indirectly  
A charge on the Exchequer or on the  
rates  
Reacts on the financial system.

Of course not. "Debt in the narrow sense" is good, no doubt, but not good enough to sustain the entire stanza.

It is with all these things in mind that I enter a strong protest against a Conservative M.P.'s description of the Government's White Paper on Employment Policy (Cmd. 6527) as "sheer unadulterated nonsense." I do so in the interests of nonsense.

## Basic Navic

**A** CORRESPONDENT (whose letter, alas, we have lost) suggested that we should try putting some of the International Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea into Basic English. We thought we had enough trouble on our hands already, but the suggestion is a good one. Here you have an established code of conduct, governing the movements and the safety of the ships of the world. But foreigners know the code only in their absurd foreign languages. If they knew it in English as well, what a good thing! Think, for example, of the foreign pilot in a British ship. If Basic can help that pilot we are all for it. But now that we have done this exercise we have our doubts. One thing at least emerges clearly—that the word “shall” (not one of the permitted 850 Basic words) is quite important.

### RULES OF ALL NATIONS FOR STOPPING SHIPS FROM RUNNING INTO ANY OTHER SHIPS AT SEA.

A vessel is “under way” within the meaning of these Rules when she is not at anchor or made fast to the shore or aground.

*A vessel is “under way” within the sense of these Rules when she is not kept in the same position by an iron hooked instrument placed on the sea-bed at the end of a chain, or strongly joined to the sea-side, or resting on the land under the water herself.*

#### ARTICLE 16

Every vessel shall, in a fog, mist, falling snow, or heavy rain-storms, go at a moderate speed, having careful regard to the existing circumstances and conditions.

*Every vessel will, in a thick mist, a thin mist, falling snow or air-and-rain motions of great might, go at not too great a rate, looking with care at the things about and the conditions which have existence at the time.*

#### ARTICLE 28

When vessels are in sight of one another a steam vessel under way, or taking any course authorized or required by these Rules, shall indicate that course by the following signals on her whistle or siren, viz:—

One short blast to mean, “I am directing my course to starboard.”

*When vessels are in seeing distance of one another a steam vessel under way, in taking any direction to which these*

*Rules give authority or which is ordered by these Rules, will give a suggestion of that direction by the signs listed below on her noise-apparatus, of one sort or another, that is:—*

*One short blow to have the sense: “I am making my direction to the right.”*

#### ARTICLE 21

Where by any of these Rules, one of two vessels is to keep out of the way, the other shall keep her course and speed.

*Where by any of these Rules one of two vessels is to keep out of the way, the other will keep her direction and go on at the same rate.*

#### ARTICLE 23

Every vessel which is directed by these Rules to keep out of the way of another vessel shall, on approaching her, if necessary, slacken her speed or stop or reverse.

*Every vessel which is ordered by these Rules to keep out of the way will, on coming near her, if necessary, go at a slower rate, or come to a stop, or make her motion-machines go the other way.*

#### ARTICLE 2

A steam vessel when under way shall carry:—

(a) On or in front of the foremast, or if a vessel without a foremast, then in the forepart of the vessel, a bright white light, so constructed as to show an unbroken light over an arc of the horizon of 20 points of the compass, so fixed as to throw the light 10 points on each side of the vessel, viz., from right ahead to 2 points abaft the beam on either side, and of such a character as to be visible at a distance of at least 5 miles.

*A steam vessel when under way will put up:*

(a) *On or in front of the front upright stick, or if a vessel without a front upright stick, then in the front part of the vessel, a bright white light so made as to give an unending light over a part of the line where the sky seems to be touching the sea\* of 20 points of the guiding-apparatus, so placed as to make the light go 10 points on the 2 sides of the vessel, that is: from right in front to 2 points back from the line across the middle of the ship on the 2 sides, and of such a sort as to be seen at a distance of at least 5 miles.*

(f) The said green and red side-lights

shall be fitted with inboard screens projecting at least three feet forward from the light so as to prevent these lights from being seen across the bows.

*The said green and red side-lights will be made with boards on the inner side going forward at least three feet from the light, so that these lights will not be seen across the front part of the ship.*

#### ARTICLE 3

The vessel towing and the vessel towed, except the last vessel of the tow, may carry in lieu of the light required in Article 10 a small light abaft the funnel or aftermast for the tow to steer by, but such light shall not be visible forward of the beam.

*The vessel pulling and the vessel pulled (but not the last of the vessels pulled) may put up in place of the light ordered in Rule 10 a small light at the back of the great-pipe-for-letting-out-the smoke\* or the back sail-stick for the vessels pulled to be guiding themselves by, but such light will not be able to be seen in front of the line across the middle of the ship.*

#### ARTICLE 7 (4)

Small rowing boats, whether under oars or sail, shall only be required to have ready at hand a lighted lantern showing a white light, which shall be temporarily exhibited in sufficient time to prevent collision.

*Small boats generally moved by sticks, whether they are moved by sticks or sails, will only be desired to have ready at hand a lighted light-apparatus, giving a white light, which will be put up for a time in time enough to stop ships or boats running into them.*

#### ARTICLE 27

In obeying and construing these Rules due regard shall be had to all dangers of navigation and collision, and to any special circumstances which may render a departure from the above Rules necessary in order to avoid immediate danger.

[This is very important. This is the “catch” Article which may land you in trouble however badly the other fellow has behaved.]

*In keeping to these Rules and seeing what they say enough attention will be given to all dangers of guiding ships about the sea and of ships running into other ships, and to any special things which may make it necessary to go away from these Rules in order to keep off danger coming near quickly.* A. P. H.

\* “Horizon.” Pretty good!

\* Funnel



*"I often wonder why Jerry hasn't dropped any paratroops around here."*

### At the Play

#### SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (STRATFORD-UPON-AVON)

IN spite of dark murmurs from St. Albans, the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad; and Stratford-upon-Avon, as the accredited shrine, has borne its responsibilities with resource. In Garrick's day, apparently, it was quite possible to glorify the playwright without mentioning his home; but, thanks to Stratford's house of Flower and to Frank Benson and his several successors, Shakespeare is commemorated in his birthplace by more than the Janssen bust in the church and the souvenir brassware and china in the shops. This summer, even in the war's fifth year, you can be certain of finding the Memorial Theatre open and a play by Shakespeare (or maybe, for once, by Ben Jonson) upon its stage. The twenty-three

weeks' Festival (mid-April to mid-September) would be a feat at any time: it deserves special honour to-day.

During the last war, in 1917 and 1918, the Festival thread snapped: for two years there were no performances in the old Memorial, ornate, hideous, and oddly lovable, on its river-lawn. At the present theatre, mellowing now, no longer a show-piece but still the "new" theatre in the minds of most Shakespeareans, the Festival sequence has not been broken, and there are no signs of a break: indeed, this season, the riverside nights have blossomed freshly under the direction of Mr. ROBERT ATKINS.

One must admit that at Stratford the play has not always been the thing. Some pilgrims travelled to Warwickshire less for the theatre's immortal hours than for the sake of Auld Lang Shrine. The Festival setting outweighed the Festival itself. Days by the Avon and its meadows

"painted with delight," the cluster of Shakespeare villages, nights of high summer when the brick walls were warm to the touch and the Guild Chapel lay blanched beneath the moon—to many people these mattered more than the plays. During a few of the less memorable seasons one felt sadly that the theatre was almost a side-show and the Festival season an excuse for a holiday revel that only by night would drop self-consciously into poetry. Even so, the truest pilgrims—those proud to wear Stratford's green turban—have grateful memories. One thinks at random of Mr. Bridges Adams's last revival of *The Tempest*, his enchanting *Love's Labour's Lost* of 1934, some of M. Komisarjevsky's audacities, the late Randle Ayrton's *Lear* and *Enobarbus*, Miss Joyce Bland's *Juliet*, the late Roy Byford's *Falstaff*. This is no place for a catalogue; it is enough to say that although the expectation that yearly whirls us round has never



been entirely fulfilled, the faithful have always found something to repay them for their journey.

A new and more thoroughly successful period may lie ahead. With the help of certain structural changes—to bring the players closer to the audience—and with a company for the most part young and alert, Mr. ATKINS has already managed to “warm” the theatre and to put a burnish upon the Festival. He may be counted upon to do even better things as time passes and he is able to strengthen his team.

The present programme includes two major tragedies, *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* (with Mr. JOHN BYRON as the Prince), four comedies, a history—*King Richard the Second*, with Mr. GEORGE HAYES in the part which at Stratford he has made his own—and the suddenly fashionable Jonson comedy of *Volpone* in which Mr. Atkins himself turns producer-into-fox. The most wholly pleasing of the three productions I have seen is *The Taming of the Shrew*, presented rightly as a frolic wind blowing through Padua and *Petruchio*'s country house. The play is rough stuff, an Elizabethan free-for-all; but as the Festival company does it the old humours blend

into a happily boisterous affair with the massive *Christopher Sly* of Mr. RAYMOND ROLLETT to give it a tinker's blessing, and Mr. RIVERS GADSBY, whose *Bartholomew*—page in petticoats—has become one of Stratford's familiar performances, to flutter amiably beside him. Mr. ANTONY EUSTREL's *Petruchio* is a firm portrait of the swaggerer from Verona who decides to “wive it wealthily” in Padua. Miss PATRICIA JESSEL's *Katharina*, all ice and flame in the earlier scenes, is one of the best in recent Stratford memory; Miss MARY HONER refuses to add honey to sugar as that appalling young minx *Bianca*, and the young men of Padua rattle on agreeably through the complexities of the marriage market.

*The Merchant of Venice* is a good and simple revival of a play that ought to grow unbearably monotonous but never does. It is always in the Bard's van: yearly Stratford takes it in its stride. Miss HELEN CHERRY, the latest mistress of Belmont, gives a glow to her *Portia* both in and out of court; Mr. HAYES has the key to *Shylock*, and the entire cast exercises the quality of mercy. For once *Antonio* (Mr. EUSTREL) is a man and

not the heart of a depression over Venice. The play should glide along without fuss, like Avon's swans. At the Memorial Theatre it does so to the general content.

*Macbeth* is less satisfactory. Mr. HAYES was more at ease in the Komisarjevsky production of eleven years ago. At present, like *Brutus*, he “shows a hasty spark and straight is cold again.” Miss JESSEL too, though she acts most intelligently, hardly carries the metal for *Lady Macbeth*'s salvoes. Still, the production has its moments. Mr. ATKINS, seasoned Shakespearean that he is, knows the touch for the Memorial Theatre, and under his guidance the Bardic rites are likely to be neither too solemn nor too desultory. One fact is plain. He has already made sure that his company, endowed with the gift of clear speech, will never fade intermittently into secret session. J. C. T.

#### Why Cherbourg Fell

“The American noose is swiftly tightening on the doomed port. One prong is striking at the centre of the line, another has swept in from the west and a third from the east, ploughing deeper into the defences.”

*Egyptian Gazette.*



“But, Madam, it was only PROMISED for to-day.”



"Funny how I always walk into these confounded railings."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Mr. Frank Salisbury

IF Oliver Cromwell were alive to-day, a mole or two, rather attractive than otherwise, is probably as far as Mr. FRANK SALISBURY would be able to constrain himself to go in his desire to comply with Cromwell's injunction that he must be painted warts and all. At the beginning of his career, Mr. SALISBURY tells us in *Portrait and Pageant: Kings, Presidents, and People* (JOHN MURRAY, 12/6), he was taught never to look at an ugly thing twice; and as this injunction, followed literally, would have somewhat circumscribed his range as a painter of the illustrious, he appears, if one may judge from the portraits reproduced in this volume, to have habituated his eye to see only what was fitting to be seen. Probably it did not cost him much conscious effort, for both his temperament and the circumstances of his life seem to have disposed him to take a more cheerful and reassuring view of things and persons than most people manage to achieve. At the age of thirty-nine, for example, it was a "grievous eye-opener" to him, and a severe blow to his previous belief in the brotherhood of artists, to learn from Sargent that he was the only painter who had called on him in twelve months; and about the same time he was staggered on hearing that the widow of a well-known artist had been left destitute. Kings, presidents, prime ministers, and field-marsals, great financiers and great ecclesiastics, have all sat to Mr. SALISBURY. Sometimes his sitters have been pressed for time, but in these instances have usually been able to postpone their other engagements. The chapter on Mussolini is perhaps the liveliest in the book. "That is splendid, that is the best I have seen," Mussolini exclaimed over the preliminary study, and his verdict on the portrait itself was "That is beautiful; that is just the way I feel."

A reproduction of this portrait would have been welcome, but Mr. SALISBURY may have considered that how Mussolini appeared to him in 1934 is no longer of topical interest. The decadence of modern art inspires his only bitter pages. Mr. SALISBURY attributes it to the Nazis, perhaps not quite fairly, for Hitler's taste, at any rate, is not for surrealism, but for the legendary and historical subjects in which Mr. SALISBURY himself excels. H. K.

#### Hong Kong to Chungking

It is a far cry from the complacency of pre-war Hong Kong to the anguish of a Japanese concentration camp. But eighteen days' siege saw the end of the island's resistance, an interval spent by Mrs. GWEN PRIESTWOOD driving food-trucks under heavy fire. Thus perilously diverted from her volunteer's work of nursing, she escaped the worse fate of other less fortunate nurses. She even made a frustrated bid to avoid internment. Imprisoned on the Stanley Peninsula, she joined forces with a British police officer, Mr. Anthony Bathurst, to get *Through Japanese Barbed Wire* (HARRAP, 8/6) and reach Chungking with a list of her starving fellow-prisoners. The couple found a sampan which landed them on the mainland without payment; and similar gestures of generosity—from peasants, temple-keepers, guerrilla aces and missionaries—were China's customary response to their dirty and dishevelled appearance. Mr. Bathurst, having seen his companion off on a convoy for Sinkwan, stayed behind to aid the guerrillas. Mrs. PRIESTWOOD, not without further dangers, got her list to the British Embassy at Chungking. She is a candid and lively narrator, and her concern for the shortcomings which made the Far Eastern crash possible is—though only voiced once—as much to her credit as the courage with which she faced the result.

H. P. E.

#### A Gangster Politician

First impressions of the new novel by Mr. JOHN DOS PASSOS should not be trusted. He employs two manners, neither of which is encouraging—poetical prose for the short interludes or chorus, and a colloquial American that is not colloquial American at its raciest or most picturesque. *Number One* (CONSTABLE, 8/6) turns out to be, in fact, a minor triumph of meaning over manner: the study of the gangster politician referred to in the title is brilliant. He is a plausible, cunning and even intelligent man, and all the more dangerous since his boundless personal ambition is based on a very little genuine concern for the common people. He is like the worst sort of lie—one that tells part of the truth. Because of this he takes in his wife and his intimates as well as the crowd, and it is a long time before even the secretary who writes his excellent speeches will admit that the man will be, if successful, a disaster for America. Mr. PASSOS has been very clever indeed over this secretary, who makes an admirable foil for the politician. Here is an honest man who is always in two minds, whose scruples are ineffectual, who is incapable of wholehearted condemnation because he understands what he is asked to condemn. The story itself, which is more or less confined to a short election tour, is extremely economical: it suggests how local opposition is overcome and national opposition replaces it—a new, shrewd, and determined opposition; and it represents the bluff homely politician of the beginning as little by little showing a very ugly hand. To say that this is achieved in spite of an unattractive style may sound like the criticism of the schools—the point is that if Mr. DOS PASSOS had made use of all the means at an author's disposal his clever novel would have been a most distinguished one. J. S.

### The Kitchen Garden Adventurous

The fourth of Mr. GEORGE WHITEHEAD's intrepid little text-books of gardening is, as usual, compiled from his own gardening notes in the intervals of the work itself. His weakness, an exemplary one, is to treat his plants "like human beings"—to find out what they best respond to and to give it them. In this way his handbook on *Tomatoes, Mushrooms and Other Choice Foodcrops* (BLACK, 3/-) caters not only for the discerning families who grow these things but for the foibles of the tomatoes, melons, cucumbers and greenhouse *primeurs* themselves. Soil is the first secret of indoor tomato growing—for the matter of that, soil is the first secret of most things horticultural. But Mr. WHITEHEAD not only tells you how to feed your plant when well, but how to doctor it when sickly and how to defend it from pests. He doesn't, you note, mention the common ants' insatiable passion for the outdoor mushroom bed; but the only serious gap in his book is its total omission of the ever-useful cloche. On the other hand, a new revised edition of Mr. JACK HARDY's admirable *Outdoor Tomato Culture* (QUALITY PRESS, 5/-) adds a helpful new section on the cloche in relation to the tomato.

H. P. E.

### Alamein and Before

According to the paper jacket of *Ten Years to Alamein* (LINDSAY DRUMMOND, 12/6) Mr. MATTHEW HALTON "has the grim satisfaction of being able to say 'I told you so'." It is a satisfaction which he shares with others, for one has yet to come across a special correspondent who claims to have hailed the advent of Hitler with joy, to have looked upon Nazism as a bulwark against Communism, and welcomed Munich with relief. Nor is Mr. HALTON unique in having exchanged gloomy forebodings in the pre-war years with illustrious political figures temporarily or permanently in retirement. What Mr. Lloyd George, Viscount Cecil and Burgomaster Max said to Mr. HALTON is interesting enough, but lacks the shock of surprise. It is probable indeed that if the period from 1933 to 1939 were given a long rest, few readers would complain. Mr. HALTON is, however, an excellent descriptive reporter, and the second part of his book contains a detailed and brilliant account of the Alamein battles. Still more interesting is his story of the war in Syria in 1941. The Free French troops were out to restore the military prestige of France, and more than once Mr. HALTON found himself expected to go with them on attacks from which he derived a less ferocious satisfaction than his companions. After Syria came a restful interlude in India, where he was particularly impressed by Nehru, one of the three most civilized men he has met, the other two being Viscount Cecil and Havelock Ellis.

H. K.

### Problem in India

Few plots make better reading or writing than an old one, raised from its ordinary level by the awareness of the author about what really happens in people's minds, and enriched by consideration for the characters. Miss PAMELA HINKSON's latest novel, *Golden Rose* (COLLINS, 9/6), runs, because of its theme, into all the dangers of all the repeated stories of eternal triangles and dodges them all, though perhaps she weighs her thumb a bit too obviously when reckoning the rewards of virtue. Briefly the story is about an Indian state and a British Resident's wife who falls in love with an engineer, is brought through illness into the influence of the Mother Rectress of a hospital, *Sister Françoise*, a wise and magnificent woman who has paid the full price of renunciation and found it well spent. It

might all be smug and irritating or commonplace and sordid, but the author has developed five remarkable characters and they work out their problems before us with restraint. *Sister Françoise*, especially, deserves to live in our hearts: she is comforting as well as bracing and has such a tang of commonsense in her unworldliness that we feel much the better for her. The little sketches of Indian life keep the story from flagging in the slightest and the writing of it excellent.

B. E. B.

### Italy After the War

DON LUIGI STURZO, ordained priest in 1894, founder in 1919 of the Popolari Party and their parliamentary leader, exiled in 1924 after narrowly escaping assassination, has written *Italy and the New World Order*, published by MACDONALD in their Cross-Roads Series at 7/6. It is a book that deserves to be studied by all who see in the Italians nothing but a Machiavellian race, a faithless nation that passes readily from one side to the other, seeking nothing but her own advantage. Italy, the author agrees, is in need of a catharsis. She will have to refashion her whole structure, and he foresees a period of chaos after the war is over which may take a long time to set in order. One urgent problem is the same that agitated Italy in the days of the Risorgimento—Shall she become a republic or a monarchy? He points out that the Latin races have never found it easy to reconcile democracy with kings. If the future Italy were to aim at being a great military Power a king who could point to a tradition of great warriors among his ancestors might conceivably be of use: otherwise he might "without inconvenience" be replaced by a president. Fascism, he maintains, has never become deep-seated, for the Italian is naturally critical and distrustful of propaganda. Italy must emerge diminished from her Fascist adventure and her unholy alliance with Hitler, but she can still survive as a great pacific nation.

L. W.



"My diary says eleventh of November. A bit optimistic, perhaps."





"You can rest now, I'm doing the fruit."

### House for Rent

**M**E friend Briggy engages Vilma Bootle to marry him and they spend two months previous looking for a house to rent. There are lots of places to sell but Briggy and Vilma do not desire to put their savings into four walls and have nothing to sit on. They prefer to rent the house and buy some furniture, which anybody knows costs more than houses these days. They wait daily outside the office of the *Merkdale Dispatch* for the paper coming off the press with their tandem so they are first at every renting house that is advertised, they hope. But somebody is always there sooner or else the ad. is a box

and means taking a chance with everybody else in town.

Briggy and Vilma wear out two tandem tyres twice without result but at last fate smiles on them in a back-handed way. They find a house for rent, but everyone else is turning it down either because it is too big or too dear or too short-term because the owner Mr. Stuffham avows he only rents it till the war is over and then he wants it back to make it into a sausage factory. Right now Mr. Stuffham finds a falling-down cottage across the way is big enough for him to live in. It is a surprise to Briggy and Vilma to get to a place where

everybody in town is coming away from instead of going to, so Vilma says "Briggy, I have a free sentiment there is something in this."

"You mean pre," says Briggy.

"Pre what?"

"Pre sentiment."

"Don't be silly," says Vilma. "When you get a thing for nothing it is free and I do not pay anybody for my sentiment do I?"

"Never mind, let us go and see about the house," says Briggy, so they go and ask Mr. Stuffham all about this house that he rents only till the sausage booms again. "How is it," Mr. Stuffham wants to know,

"everybody wants a house, but they either have not the guts to take a big place like this on chance or else they want to go to the other ice-cream and buy it, and I do not sell or I cut the ground from under my future feat with sausages. Do you have the guts?"

He looks right up close into Briggys' face. Briggys edges shyly. "I do not have what it takes to go into sausages," he says, "but me and Vilma here which is my bride-to-come have good double-jointed salaries which enable us to pay you rent at say two pounds . . ."

"Say four," says Mr. Stuffham.

"A month," says Briggys.

"A week," says Mr. Stuffham.

"We do not argue like those silly people," says Briggys. "Make it three-ten and we take it."

"Make it three," says Vilma.

Mr. Stuffham tracks his face right up to Briggys' again and tries to find a flaw in it. "I tell you what I do," he cries at last, "I like your face so I make it three-fifteen."

"Done!" says Briggys.

"We certainly are," says Vilma.

Mr. Stuffham is as good as his vocabulary about the repairs he promises, and right after the young pair sign the lease he has repair-men come in and do their worst. There are two months to go before the wedding, so there is time to get everything into the shape of a boat. "While the repair gang are having a free hand laying out new floors and such, we can lay out our fortune on things to put on the floors," says Vilma.

So they go and place orders for the bare necessities of sedentary life and it runs to a hundred or two. "Or even three," says Briggys, "if we have beds."

"I think we better do what is customary and have those too," says Vilma. So the orders are put in hand for delivery when the house is nice and ready, and Briggys manfully puts down several sixpences out of the bank to fasten up the deals.

At the end of the first month of repairs the rambling old house looks as good as Newmarket without umbrellas and Mr. Stuffham stands looking at the interior defamation a long time. Then he goes and looks at the out-terior another long time. Then he comes up to where Briggys is bunging up a rat-hole by the out-house and takes his customary track-shot close-up of Briggys' face.

"I tell you what I do," he says.

"All right," says Briggys with good nature, "so I tell you what I do so we have a nice game."

"No, no," argues Mr. Stuffham, "I make you another offer. You find me accommodating so far and a sport?"

"Hm—mm."

"Well then, I do for you what I do for none of the others. I like you and I like what they do to the house and I think it is sinful to separate you from it ever. It is no good I should be sentimental about my sausages, as I have piles of money which I make from them starting with only a five-pound note, and when I see you two kids pitching in to start a happy life and what the desecrators do to show up my miserable cottage over the way all I want to do is to get my hands on the money you will pay for the house and go and retire to beautiful surroundings till I am called. So I sell you the house. I forget my sausages for filthy lukewarm."

So Briggys goes and tells Vilma about this and they go for a long walk by the river where the factories cast out the devilment from their midst, and consider the matter under nature's smell.

"We are back where we start," says Vilma. "In the first place we decide to rent a house because if we spend our money to buy one we have no money for nice furniture."

"Couldn't we buy furniture out of our double-joint salaries at so-and-so a month?" asks Briggys.

"I think of that, Briggys, but the drawbridge to that is, we have one chair the first year, two chairs the second year and maybe a bed two years after."

They are silent for a long time and they lie back in separate reveries on the slag tip under the warm evening fog. At last both come out of the haze together and say "But it is a nice house!"

They hook their little fingers together and Briggys says "Shakespeare" and Vilma says "Alice Finlap that writes the Scenty Minutes in the *Merkdale Dispatch*."

ONCE more Britons are going forth to the assault against the German enemy as they have against foreign enemies in the past. And if we cannot all man the tanks and guns, pilot the planes and sail the ships, we can all take part in this mighty effort. To those who must stay behind we say

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They go back to the house and stand looking at the out-terior a long time. Then they do likewise for its innards. Briggys looks at Vilma and says "Maybe it is a good thing to forget about the nice furniture and things like we first think of and buy the place after all."

"I agree but I am disappointed," says Vilma.

"That is not necessary because I know it is a good plan to buy the place."

"How so?"

"I have something in mind."

"Do not keep me in suspenders like this," says Vilma, "I want to know what your mind can have in it."

"I am thinking if we buy the house," says Briggys, "it is a good plan if you get your brain around to thinking maybe there are good points about sausage factories."

Vilma is about to say something acid, so Briggys claps his hand over her mouth and goes on to tell her all the wonderful money Mr. Stuffham makes out of a five-pound note, till she stops biting his palm and falls into the idea with a bigger splash than he does himself.

"We plan this our well," she says, "so that after the war we open out with the best sausage works in town with all the latest fitments and some later than that. Meanwhile we tell everybody what we do so they buy us sausage fitments for wedding presents a month from now."

So they draw out their sixpences from the bank and gleefully watch Mr. Stuffham sign over to them all his papers including the desecrator's bill with tears in his eyes, and when he wishes them much good luck they are too excited to think how they disappoint the good man when he knows the truth.

The young pair are now at the gateway of future silver linings, and no pair ever has more silvery pans and platters than these two sausagers-to-be when the day of joining arrives, and on their honeymoon they talk of nothing but sausages all the time.

It must be hard also for Mr. Stuffham to get a place among nice surroundings, because as soon as the desecrators are through with the big house he has them come over and start on the falling-down cottage, and soon the bright paints put a different complexity on it.

Somehow the shine goes off a little for Briggys and Vilma when they return to the big house and see right facing it a big sign that says "Eat the Stuffham Sausage From the Factory in a Cottage."

## Pips

LIEUTENANT SYMPSON looked up angrily from the letter he was reading.

"Old Blower," he said, "has got his third pip. That leaves you and me as about the last of our O.C.T.U. gang who are not at least captains. In your case of course the reasons are pretty obvious, but personally I intend to go up to G.H.Q. and do something about it."

"There's nothing to be done," I said; "it's just the fortune of war. In our Group very few senior officers have shot themselves or gone mad or got sent home, so there just haven't been any vacancies."

However, Sympson determined to go to Cairo, and the Major gave both of us a couple of days' leave and we set off. His plans were vague, but he had an idea that if he met the right people he might hear of something good. In the train we got into conversation with a Captain Stooke, with an enormous moustache, who asked Sympson what he did in civil life.

"I was a journalist," said Sympson.

"And so was I," I said. Although I had not said so to Sympson yet, I felt that if there were plenty of third pips going begging in Cairo I might as well snaffle one for myself. Captain Sympson sounds very well, certainly, but Captain Conkleshill sounds even better.

Captain Stooke asked us what newspapers we had worked for, which is rather an awkward question, because we used to write for any papers that would take our stuff. Our only really big contract was with the *Midland Daily Record*, for which we did the Children's Corner. Sympson wrote Uncle Oscar's Letter and the jokes, and

I wrote an endless serial story about Shifto the Smuggler and the Answers About Pets.

After about the sixth beer Sympson generally says he worked for *The Times*, because they once printed six lines of a two-column obituary he wrote about his cousin Ernest; but on this occasion we were fairly sober, so we just told Captain Stooke that we used to write for all the leading papers, and he said what an amazing coincidence it was that we should have run into him.

"Because I can give you a note to a friend of mine," he said, "who is tearing his hair out by the roots because he wants journalists and can't find them. It's all very hush-hush, like everything connected with publicity in these days, but if you land the job it will mean a third pip for both of you, lodging allowances, your own car, and everything else the heart of a man can desire."

We had another round of beers and then another round of beers, and then we arrived at Cairo and started looking for Major Brown, which was the name of Captain Stooke's friend.

"His address is on that paper you've got," said Sympson.

"He didn't give it to me," I said.

"Didn't he give it to you?"

"No," said Sympson, "but it's quite simple. We'll just go to G.H.Q. and ask."

I had always imagined that G.H.Q. was just a huge building with a sort of porter at the gate, and that if you wanted (say) Major Brown the porter would salute deferentially and say "Room 1888," and that a page would conduct you to the lift and tell you which knobs to press and all that.

Instead of this, G.H.Q. actually consists of odd buildings scattered most inconveniently all over Cairo. The M.P. on the gate at the first bit of G.H.Q. we found nearly arrested us because our story about looking for Major Brown sounded so thin. We did not even know what department he was in. Luckily Sympson and the M.P. turned out to have a mutual friend who sold fishing-tackle in Brighton, and then the M.P. said would Colonel Brown do?

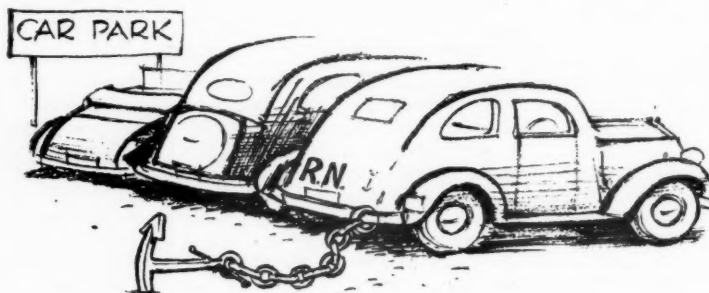
Sympson said that personally he was broadminded, and Major Brown might have been promoted, so the M.P. showed us the way on the map, and an hour later, dusty and dishevelled, we found ourselves facing Colonel Brown across a large desk. Actually he turned out to be a hygiene expert, but he kindly told us of a Captain Brown who worked in the very bit of G.H.Q. we had first been to.

"No doubt he has been reduced," said Sympson, "owing to his failure to produce enough journalists. He will give us a hearty welcome."

Actually he did not. He turned out to be an M.P. captain, and he merely reminded us tersely that after 2000 hrs. officers were supposed to have their sleeves rolled down.

So we gave up all hopes of promotion and two days later returned to our company H.Q.

"The Group Commander rang up soon after you'd left," our O.C. said. "He wanted a good subaltern to take over second-in-command of 3016 Company. It was urgent, so I had to send young Smith. I've just heard that he has put up his third pip. Of course if you'd been here . . ."

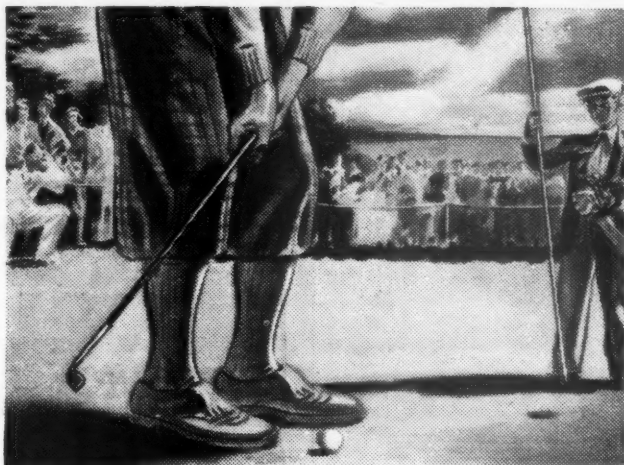


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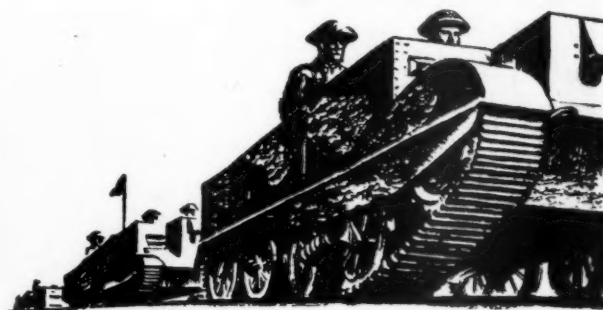
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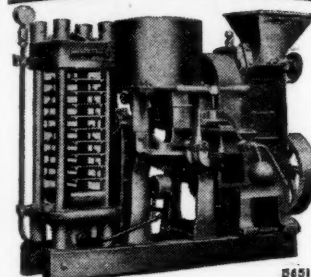


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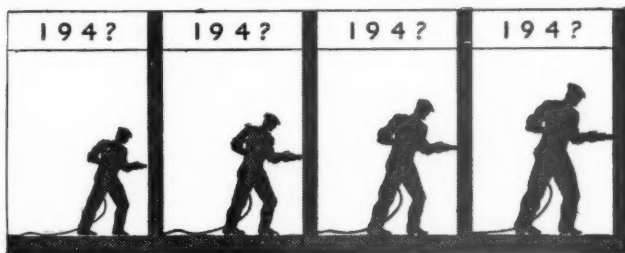
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